

THE DAILY ARDMOREITE.

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ARDMORE, I. T., MONDAY, DEC. 15.

F. E. WILSON, Editor.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Editor F. E. Wilson has taken the circulation of the ARDMOREITE and in the future will attend to the delivery, collecting and collecting for subscriptions.

R. S. W. PARKER.
Business Manager.

In connection with the above desire to say I am with the ARDMOREITE and shall work for its best interests. Any failures to receive papers regularly should be promptly reported to me.

JAS. R. WILSON, Circulator.

BET IT DIE QUIETLY.

If there was ever a congressional enactment that should be permitted to slip quietly out of life, it is the federal election law. Like the "bloody shirt," and other war relics, it ought to be buried with pomp and ceremony, but at the dead hour of night, with no sound of martial music, and after it lies in an unmarked grave.

It seems incredible that even Republicans would propose, as did Senator Culom, of Illinois, against its repeal, however ambitious they may be to secure re-election to the senate. What verily popularity this offensive bill may have had when passion was rife, and extremists were willing to allow federal interference at the polls, the fires of hate have been tempered and respect for constitutional rights has asserted itself.

This law failed of the main purpose for which it was framed a change through abuse of power, a weapon in the hands of the unscrupulous, and the time for its repeal has come. No candid man will deny that the framers of the constitution intended that the control of the suffrage and the elections should be in the hands of the states, and now, since the aggravating causes which led to the passage of this law are removed, the people are fast resuming their aversion to federal interference in the exercise of the popular rights of the states. This law, it stands on the statute book of the land, is doubtless the last vestige of sectionalism in national legislation, and the sooner it disappears the more creditable to all interests. It is useless to cry woe, to disavow prejudice so long as the federal election law is in force, and so long as men are found in the United States senate who are shameless enough to champion its continued enforcement against a free people who are weary of its coverings in all its pertains to state government and its due administration. Let it be buried so deep that not even the hyena of hate and discord can bring its corrupt and dishonest body to the light of day.—W. F. Gazette.

The interests of the Democratic party can be best served by having good Democrats in office. There may be and doubtless are good Republican officials, but they are out of place under a democratic administration. There are equally as good and efficient democrats ready and willing to serve. We say get them the job.

SENATOR HOAR is out of date. The idea that dishonorable advantages should be used for greedy party purposes is playing out with many intelligent members of Senator Hoar's own party.

IF POSSIBLE something should be done to make Uncle Sam look much less like a common peddler. The business seems to have misled the government entirely.

Revenue can be realized by

W. D. Scogin, representing the Fidelity Mutual Life association of Philadelphia, gave the Ardmoreite a pleasant call today and ordered his name on our subscription list. He will visit St. Louis in a few days to spend the holidays.

Those in need of anything in the line of dry goods, clothing, boots, shoes, furnishing goods, or hats, can save money by calling on Moritz & Goldman. 12-6 ft

A DRESS SUIT IMMIGRANT.

Otto Schmeiser Thus Attired Runs the Gauntlet of the Officials.
An immigrant arrived at New York recently in a dress suit. Otto Schmeiser, the descendant of an ancient Polish house, was among the storage passengers on the good ship La Touraine. As the boat neared the port Otto was alarmed by the stories circulated in the steerage that the detention of the authorities amounted to almost imprisonment. Among his possessions was a dress suit he had worn in the days when, as an aristocrat, he sometimes ended evenings of celebration minus his night gown but adorned in evening attire. When Otto learned that the gentlemen aboard were allowed to go ashore without any trouble, except the examination of their baggage, he attired himself in his precious dress suit. He was better off than most of his fellows, for he had a clean shirt, and when he appeared on deck he was the pride and envy of the steerage. It was 10 o'clock in the morning, but the Polish gentleman, who could not afford a jag to account for the dress suit, in his excitement forgot his good breeding and the rule that evening dress is not to be worn until after 6, except in the early morning when accompanied by the remains of a lark. His remarkable appearance called the immediate attention of the authorities to him. When he explained the situation, exhibiting \$10 in gold and strutting in the dress suit, he was allowed to go on his way rejoicing, to join the ranks of those whose dress suits are the excuse for their poverty.

ANOTHER ON CHAUNCEY.

The Small Boy Blasts the Truth to the Great Story-Teller.

Here's one on Chauncey Depew. The genial doctor had dropped in to see a gentleman on some business at his private residence. An inquisitive small boy was playing in the extension room back of the parlor. He seemed to take a great interest in the visitor, and every now and then suspended his sport to reconnoiter him. When Mr. Depew left the lad ran to the front window, and looking out, asked:
"Who is that man, papa?"
"He's the gentleman your mother and I were talking about at the breakfast table this morning. Mr. Depew, the greatest story-teller I ever heard of."
A few days after the visitor came again. The lad was standing on the front stoop, and as Mr. Depew rang the bell he said to him:
"I know you."
Mr. Depew is fond of children, and patting the little fellow on the head, observed encouragingly: "Come, now, if you think you know who I am, who am I?"
"You're the gentleman who tells the biggest whoppers papa ever heard of."

MAN WAS THE ARTIFICER.

Artistic coffins are nowadays made out of wood pulp.

Canal boats made of iron or steel are coming into favor in England. N. C. Engberg, of Waterloo, Ore., jeweler, has made a clock, the framework of which contains over a thousand pieces of wood, all grown in that vicinity.

There is an omnibus running in Glasgow the wheels of which are furnished with pneumatic tires, which are protected from injury by sharp stones or glass by canvas and wire-netting. There is no jolting or jarring, and the noise is reduced to a minimum.

The art of making needles was kept a secret until about 1650, when it was taught to the English by Christopher Greening. Now English needles are sold all over the world. At Redditch alone 20,000 people make more than 100,000,000 needles a year, and they are made and exported so cheaply that England has no rival in this country and practically monopolizes the trade.

The new product known as wire-glass is prepared by a simple process. The most satisfactory apparatus is a glass-rolling table, having a three-roller carriage running over side-ropes to regulate the thickness, a slide for the wire gauze being attached to the carriage behind the first roller. The melted glass is spread out by the first roller. The gauze passes under the second—a grooved-roller send is forced by it to the required depth in the paste mass, and the third roller leaves the whole perfectly smooth. The sheet is then annealed.

The "Ear of Dionysius."

A cunningly constructed prison, consisting of a large chamber connected with one of smaller dimensions, situated near Syracuse, Italy, has gone into legendary history with the title of the "Ear of Dionysius." The smaller chamber was unknown to the prisoners kept in this underground dungeon, and the tyrant by whose name it was known had a habit of secreting himself there to listen to the conversation of the convicts, who were mostly political offenders. An ingenious device constructed at the smaller end of the larger chamber transmitted the sounds through the partition, thus enabling the suspicious

Everyday Dresses Very Cheap.

Clever shoppers are just now getting some elegant dresses at comparatively small expense by purchasing two or three handsome remnants of harmonizing colors. The shops are full of these small length goods left over from recent heavy sales. A purchase may be made, for example, of a pretty crepon, the width serving for the length of the round skirt. The part sloped away in the seam at the back of the skirt will make a small figaro jacket or one in mikado style open up the back. A second remnant of changeable, striped or dotted surah or taffeta silk will make a gimp with full sleeves or shirt waist. This should repeat the colors of the skirt or be in contrast with it. Velvet collar, cuffs and skirt frills complete the dress. This is only an instance of the many selections and uses that may be made of remnants of a host of beautiful and desirable fabrics—silks, laces, trimmings, muslins, organdies, sheer woolsens, tweeds, etc.—at about half the price of materials cut directly from the entire piece.—New York Post.

Syrian Trousters in Boston.

Boston is in a state of mind over the appearance on her streets of a number of prominent ladies arrayed in a wide departure from the conventional feminine costume of the day. There are said to be at least a dozen advanced thinkers of the female sex who have appeared in public in the new costume which they have determined to adopt. Mrs. B. O. Flower, wife of the editor of The Arena, and Miss Laura Lee, a prominent artist, have been shopping in their Syrian trousers, and they say that their unique attire has caused them no other annoyance but to be stared at. They like it and mean to stick to it.—Boston Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Sister Dorcas Is a Student.

At the Chicago university a Wisconsin woman goes by the name of Sister Dorcas because she abounded in good works. She owns a hammer, a screwdriver, a buttonhook, a can opener, etc., and is always willing to lend them. Among her other useful implements was a saw, with which all the girls but one had saved off sections from the legs of their cot beds, finding them inconveniently high. The one exception had asked the authorities for leave to do so and had been refused, whereupon the other girls promptly sawed off their cots without saying anything to the authorities about it.—Exchange.

Women, Hats and Theaters.

Most of the women who go to the play in this country wear their hats during the performance, but a Boston man insists that it is the anti-hat movement that really amounts to something. "A few nights ago," he says, "I counted over 40 women who sat without their hats in the parquet of the Boston theater—just the floor alone—and at a matinee in the Museum there were 30 odd. The effect was pretty too. Those women looked cool and comfortable, while the women with hats looked as if they had run in for a minute and couldn't stop. No woman ought to wear her hat in the house."—Exchange.

Miss Murphy, the pioneer lady journalist of Australia, edits the Melbourne Punch, one of the most successful of the Australian comics. She is a great advocate of women's rights and is very good looking. Miss Murphy joined the staff of the paper she now edits some years ago and has attained to her present position solely by her ability.

Two women doctors in Buffalo—Dr. Lillian Randall and Dr. Mary Greene—have founded a hospital for the medical and surgical treatment of women that they may take a more prominent part in operations than women physicians are allowed to take in hospitals.

In Paris the latest fad is to ride a bicycle in the Bois in the morning, and many of the titled Frenchwomen do it, and of course do it well. The Comte and Comtesse de Salleyrand Perigord and Mlle. Clemenceau are among those who follow this fashion.

The importers have presented to view some rich and delicate sheer wool dress patterns for wear on cool days all the summer through. Many of these are bordered in various light and dark shades matching the fabric or are in exquisitely contrasting tints.

Mrs. Langtry is cruising in English waters in her sumptuous yacht, the White Lady. It is fitted in the most luxurious fashion, the saloon being hung with tapestries and littered with many rare objects of art.

A very popular fad just now takes the form of tinted lace. Girls who are at all clever with the paint brush color the filmy garment in shaded tones, in this way securing a suitable trimming for short silk gowns.

Queen Elizabeth's prayer book, which was printed in 1574, has been sold recently. It is bound in gold and enameled and was worn by the queen suspended from her girdle.

WHIP AND SPUR.

The old pacer Dallas, 2:11½, will be trotted this year. Schenckshushy is the name of a Russian stallion, and he still lives.

Myrtle Peak will drive a team this season hitched to a sulky with only one wheel. Rocky Ford, 2:15½, a well known pacer a few years ago, is used as a road horse in Chicago.

The 3-year-old gelding record of 2:55½, held by Sam Crocker, has stood unbroken since 1894.

The name of Dean's Hambletonian, owned by Masco, 2:04, only made a record of 2:04.

The racing champion, Masco, 2:04, has been taking his work on the Jewett covered track at Detroit.

SONS OF ADAM.

Americans drink tea hot and wine cold. The Chinese drink tea cold and wine hot.

A child born in Washington county, N. Y., has been christened Christopher Columbus Cleveland Chase.

The receiving vault of a cemetery at Marion, N. Y., is used as a cooler for drinks and disorderlies.

Captain Whelan, who died in England from injuries received in falling from his balloon, had made 315 ascents in perfect safety.

A new kind of beer, made of the extract of rice, has a very peculiar effect. Sometimes a week elapses after drinking it before it causes any exhilaration; then its fuddling quality is unmistakably shown; and is said to be quite staggering.

Now that the yachtsmen are talking about royal spankers it is apropos to remark that Emperor William is one. He frequently gives his oldest boy a thoroughly old-fashioned spanking by way of keeping down the youngster's impressions that he, too, is a war lord.

A cousin of Herbert Spencer lives in San Francisco and pursues the peaceful occupation of selling newspapers and stationery as a clerk in a little store. His name is Moira Spencer and he is seventy years old, but he has not yet read "any of his famous cousin's books."

A professional man of Buffalo, who for the past few months, has been paying \$31 a month for two rooms, which he had to furnish himself, recently discovered that his landlady paid only \$30 a month for the entire house. The landlady is now looking for another tenant.

Three tailors—an Englishman, Welshman and Irishman—were bragging of their attainments. Says the Englishman: "Why, if a man happened to be walking on the other side of the street I could take his measure at a glance." Says the Irish: "That's nothing. If I could see the tip of his shoulder coming around the corner I could measure him, look you!" Pat—Och, by the virgin! show us the corner he wint round and O'd at him.

IN THE NECK.

A Negro Boy Who Was the Butt of His Companions.

Eight little colored boys got on a Buffalo street car at the corner of Vermont street one evening recently. They had been out to St. Mary's to rehearse something or other (they were choir boys) and they were then on their way to St. Paul's. The women in the car talked to them, and asked them all sorts of questions. They all talked willingly except one little fellow, who was black as coal, and who seemed to be the butt of the other seven.

"So you all sing?" asked one of the women.

"Yep," answered three of the boys at the same time.

"Then you are regular little blackbirds?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. Blackbirds don't do nothing but chirp. I'm a canary."

"An' I'm a mockin'-bird," said another, and each boy told what kind of a bird he was until the eighth one, the butt before mentioned, was the only one who had said nothing.

"And what kind of a bird are you, my little fellow?" asked the woman.

"Deed, ma'am," he answered, "I specs I mus' be a chicken, I get it in the neck so often."

A Many-Sided Knight.

Few people have had a more varied career than Sir Henry Loch, who is now in supreme control of all the British forces and British territory in South Africa. He has been in turn a midshipman, a cavalry officer in the British army and in the Turkish army, a member of Lord Elgin's special embassy to China, the tortured inmate of a Chinese prison, a private secretary to an English cabinet minister, a governor of the Isle of Man, a commissioner of land revenue, and a governor of the Australian colony of Victoria, before becoming the queen's high commissioner at the cape.

PLEASANTRIES.

Travellers—What ought little boys to carry when a gentleman gives him a bag for carrying his bag? "Ain't that enough?"

My dear—My dear darling. Now that we are penniless what joy is there in life for you? Mrs. Bleighsq—A lot of it. I can shop, can't I?

Photographer—Now, my dear lady, put on a pleasant expression. Lady's Son-in-Law, in the rear—Oh, I wouldn't miss that sight for this world.

"Binkins" went out hunting this morning. "All alone?" "Yes, didn't even take a dog." "Spoke he'll kill anything?" "No. Not unless he gets melancholy and commits suicide."

Judge—Why didn't you call a policeman when the man assaulted you?

An Important One.

A New York clergyman, who was preaching in a neighboring village, astonished the congregation by saying: "I wish to return to New York by the first train, as I have a wife and five children there, and have never seen one of them." This declaration excited the most painful curiosity among the good people, which was allayed, however, when it became known that the "one" which the clergyman had never seen was one that had been born since he left home the day before.

Higher Pay Than the Judges.

It seems hardly credible that a designer of ladies' dresses should be receiving a bigger income than one of her majesty's judges. It is stated, however, on good authority, that a fashionable dress designer in the city

W. F. Whittington

Leader in the lines below enumerated
at bed rock prices.

Do you want a fine suit of clothes, if so go to
W. F. Whittington's.

How about one of those fine overcoats at
W. F. Whittington's.

Look at the immense stock of overshirts at
W. F. Whittington's.

I know if you will look at those beautiful albums at W. F. Whittington's, you will buy several of them for your friends.

Dolls! Dolls! Dolls! You never saw the quantity that I have for the Christmas trade.

My stock of boots and shoes is complete in every respect.

Come and price my goods before buying. No trouble to show goods and give prices. Will not be undersold by anyone.

W. F. Whittington

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ENTERTAINMENT, INFORMATION AND



For the wrongs that needs resistance
For the cause that needs assistance
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do.
Hate the wrong and love the right,
And patronize the Ardmoreite.

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